

such things as a red colour, the twang of a zither, or the scent of honeysuckle. But generated as they are in the brain—within a portion of our body which is secluded from the outside world by a bonny covering—there is no possibility of their being other than symbolic. And science assures us that this is the case. The results of its experiments, so far as they are discovered by sight, are indeed misrepresented: but they exhibit certain relations in time and space in the nature of similarities, dimensions and sequences which conscious reason enables us to appreciate, to group under heads and rules, and to predict by calculation. Their occurrence in accord with our predictions endorses the rule to which calculation has led us. So it is demonstrated by science that what we term light and sound are merely vibrations of extreme rapidity: that our environment is really dark and silent, does not give light to the eye or sound to the ear, but owes to the brain its illumination and its resonance. It seems, moreover, that the substances which appear to resist our touch in solidity are also in energetic vibration, and that, in fact, our surroundings may be likened to the whorls and eddies which we see when we press hard upon our closed eyelids. Out of this confusion our brains conjure up for us shapes and colours, sounds and solidity; but these impressions resemble actuality no more closely than the

notes of a  
musical box resemble its machinery.  
We live in  
the midst of the Unknown.

Moreover, our sensory impressions  
are in themselves  
so irregular that they would be  
useless were  
they not corrected by a mental process  
of sensory  
adjustment. We see what we  
pronounce to be a  
circular table; but we do not see it as  
circular  
unless we are immediately above it.  
From any